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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

CAPRI.

OPT to this isle when earth was young—
Were men beguiled,
For here the sirens harped and sung,
Or Circe smiled.

And seamen from their wandering decks
Through golden air
Saw waving arms and bending necks,
And flower-crowned hair.

And vainly, strenuous to be wise,
There urged the oar,
Turned to the shining main their eyes,
And shunned the shore.

And now, though those who charmed are fled,
The churning waters
The eternal temptress is not dead,
Still lulls and lures.

Yes, Nature here draws clouds to man
With lenient eyes,
Dissolves with tender touch the ban
Of griefs and sighs.

Bids him forget what things have been,
Life's toil and strain,
Her phantom flash of days serene,
Her births of pain.

Bids him forget what yet must be,
What Fate delays,
The roaring of the angered sea,
The tempest's blaze.

And some will listen to her lure,
Some turn aside,
Wrapped in the robe austere and pure
Of stolid pride.

But we, whom gracious Chance has brought
To this soft shore,
Do well to stack the chain of thought,
Nor look before.

For care creeps on with treacherous feet,
And Time is strong,
Nor ever dream on earth was sweet
Which lived too long.

This I have learned, this you shall learn
When these bright days
Look pale as shining stars which burn
Through twilight haze.

—William Goldsmith in Macmillan's Magazine.

STORY TELLER.

Will Petts' Claim.

"Well, I declare, if that don't beat my time. Some fool's a-putting up a shanty on the northeast of thirty-six. The man that don't know that thirty-six and sixteen are school all over the world don't know enough to be allowed to take a p'rention."

The speaker, Mrs. Nathan Petts, was a matron of some forty-five summers, who has just arisen from the family table and was standing in the open eastern door of the new family residence just erected upon the new family homestead toward the southeast, one fourth of section 26, and as she stood there shading her eyes with one hand, she gazed away over the prairie to the southeast and made the announcement set forth at the opening of this faithful narrative to her family, consisting of her husband, three sons and two daughters, who were still seated around the family board.

Upon hearing this news from the mother, the rest of the family arose and carelessly sauntered out into the dooryard, where a better view could be obtained of the shanty of the new neighbor who had squatted on the "school section."

"Blamed if he hain't done it," said the father, after taking a survey of the situation.

"You're right, he has," agreed Will, the eldest son, a sturdy looking young man of twenty-three.

"Well, that's what I told you," said the mother, with an injured air, very much as if the father and son had appropriated to their own use a choice piece of her own exclusive property.

"Well, it's too bad anyway," Fanny, a young lady of twenty, who appeared to be extremely solicitous for the welfare of the young homesteader of the neighborhood, essayed. "He's sure to be some nice young fellow that doesn't know anything about the country. Some one ought to go and tell him at once of his mistake before he loses any more time and money on 'thirty-six.'"

"Yes, Sis, you'd better run right over an' help him off," Frank, her fifteen years old brother, suggested in a teasing way. "You'd—"

"Tain't neither on thirty-six," exclaimed Jimmy, the ten years old baby of the family, who had mounted to the roof of the house—not much of an effort, since it was but a shed-roofed "shack." "He's on the northwest of thirty-six, for I can see the pole with the white rag on it that we stuck up on the town line this side of his new shanty."

"Bill's claim," cried the family in chorus, while that young gentleman drew a black wool hat down over his eyes and started determinedly off down the footpath that led to the new made well in the bottom of a buffalo

lick a few hundred yards from the door.

The father, braced up against the wagon in front of the house, stood staring vacantly in a way that indicated to the family that "pop was a thinkin' hard."

When Will walked by the well without stopping, his mother called sharply to his better half: "Nathan Petts, where you a lettin' that child go?"

Nathan started up from the reverie into which he had fallen, and shouted after his departed son: "Bill, where you a goin'?"

"Goin' to send that squatter a rattlin' off my claim," responded the son over his shoulder, as he hurried onward.

By this time Nathan had solved the problem that agitated his mind, light flowed freely in on the dark places and he could easily see the responsibility that devolved upon him as head of the family and in the capacity of leader in the township, which position he hoped to achieve. Clearly it would never do to permit his brawny son to summarily eject the first claim jumper who had appeared in the locality, thus losing to himself the opportunity of exhibiting to the neighboring settlers those qualities of wise leadership which he fondly hoped would soon land him in some lucrative official position. Having now fully settled the matter in his own mind, he again called to his son, who had by this time reached a considerable distance from the house. "Bill, you come back here."

"I ain't afraid of nothin'. I'm enough for any of 'em," said Will, still pushing on.

"William, you come back here."

Will turned; when his father addressed him by that name he was well aware that complaisance was expected, and that he could or had any right to do anything his father objected to did not nor never had entered his mind. He walked back to meet his father, who having now relaxed his sternness, ambled down the path, and they met at the well.

"Bill," he said, "this is a mighty serious question this is, an' one that deman's the 'tention of the public. It might jest as well be settled one time as another whether honest people that comes a pioneerin' out here into his frontier prairie are goin' to have their real estates stole right out from in under of themselves, or whether they be goin' to rise right up now, to oncet, in the start, and make this climate so almighty unhealthy for claim jumpers an' land thieves that the hull brood and kit of 'em will forever, from this time forred, fightshy of this country."

Will was slightly awed by his father's eloquence, and being wholly unapprised of his parent's ambitions to become a politic light, he felt that possibly his father's view of the case might be the right one. Still, he had a good deal of confidence in his own powers, and couldn't help saying: "Well, you just let me alone an' I'll settle this fellow's hash for him so well that he won't feel like jumpin' another claim in these parts."

"I'll risk Billy to take care o' hisself an' the other fellow, too." The mother, who had followed down to the well, said, as she affectionately beheld the broad shoulders and brawny arms of her first born, and entirely forgetting her solicitude of but a moment before, when she saw her "child" approaching what might prove to be a dangerous enemy.

"But can't you see," the father resumed, "that this is a thing that belongs to every one as he claims, and that this is the opportunity for every one as he's got to put himself into the record an' jest gives the rascal a devil of a lickin' an' runs him off quarter section, the moral influence of the thing will be lost onto all the rest of the brood an' kit of land thieves. But if the neighbors from all over the township turns out of the right turn, an' with some one like—like me, to lead 'em—Nathan's ambition was very young, and had not yet outgrown its native modesty—"with black clothes over our faces, we wanders over there, an' some of us that is choosed to do it—maybe me—give the rascal a good talkin' to, sech as he deserved, and the crowd tears down his shacks and gives him a coatin' of tar and feathers, and runs him off across the county line, then the rest of the brood an' kit will understand that this particular part of the territory is too almighty onhealthful for them."

Nathan's face had grown very red during the delivery of this effort, and now, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow with the sleeve of his shirt, it was apparent that he was

deeply moved by some unexpressed resolve, which he could not find courage to communicate to his family; but, detecting a look of dissatisfaction on Will's face, he determined to open his heart at any cost or at any risk of ridicule. "Bill," he almost gasped, "I'm a thinkin' of runnin' for office, an' I think this'll help me."

Bill received the announcement with some surprise; his first impulse was to laugh at his father's aspirations, but the painful, almost agonized expression on that gentleman's countenance edified his hilarious impulse, and he only said:

"All right, dad, if it will help you, work it your way," and then turned around and chuckling a little quietly, went down to the slough where the oxen were feeding, and yoking them up resumed his breaking on his father's homestead, while Frank and Jimmy, each mounted on an Indian pony—an Indian pony or two is an indispensable adjunct to every well regulated frontier establishment—made the rounds of the township, informing the settlers that a jumper had squatted on Bill's claim, and requesting them to meet at their father's house that evening at sunset to take appropriate action in the emergency.

The Petts family were a type of a very large class of people to be found at all periods on the extreme American frontier. They were natural born pioneers, of pure pioneer blood running back thro' countless generations. Mr. and Mrs. Petts first breathed the air of heaven among the rugged hills of southern Indiana at a time when the primitive temple of the gods had scarce been desecrated by the steel of men. They began their married life on the prairies of Illinois whence, after a year or two, they emigrated to Wisconsin, where, on "three forties" of land, they cultivated buckwheat and picked huckleberries; afterwards they cultivated grasshoppers and poverty in western Iowa during the year of the locust scourge, and still hopeful and ambitious they had drifted with the tide of emigration to southern Dakota, where we found them at the opening of our story just located upon a government homestead, living in one of those little shed-roofed shacks so common to frontiersmen, where they fondly believed they had permanently located where they could spend the remainder of their days in comfort and honor, but in reality as certain in the course of a few years, to again start out to find a new home in some other new country as true as to exist, and so they do—so do all of this class—few, very few indeed of the hardy, restless pioneers of any country are found to remain and occupy and enjoy the farms and houses they have wrested from the wilderness; but ever moving on and on, opening and developing one new country and another, they continue; and so they will until no work is left for the pioneer to do; and then like the buffalo and Indian their race will become extinct. All honor to these heroic men and women, ordained of God as the preservers of civilization. They have in the past done, and are now doing, their appointed work most faithfully.

It was a delightful evening early in May of which we can write. The sun, just hidden by the cap of a western coteau, had turned its artist children, free to spread upon a fleecy cloud, hung like a canvas in the evening sky, a faultless blending shading from the stolid gray to gold and orange and the deepest crimson, the boldest creatures of their divine fancies, and where the brushes swept were left before the visions of the beholders, clothed in those glowing hues, huge piles of architecture such as men have not conceived, fair landscapes studded with groves in which the trees appear cut in the real anatomy of trunk and twig and leaf, and amongst the trees are seen the spires and domes that marked the ancient town guarded by lofty rock around mountains crowned with crystal snow.

Contrasting with this heavenly gallery of art, the more substantial earth was scarce less truthful. The gently rolling plain, rich in its new spring garb of green, which in the early twilight softened into blue, bearing on its bosom here and there a settler's shanty whose half sash windows reflecting back the fiery glow of the sunset, shone like the first appearing stars in evening's sky; about the sloughs great bulking oxen, just released from a weary day upon the breaking plow, greedily move the tender grasses; large flocks of wild ducks splash and splutter in the shallow waters of the sloughs, and the plaintive cooing of the prairie hens according with the

notes of challenge of their lords, the cocks, resound across the prairie, and to render the hour perfect to all the senses the sweet aroma from the new turned furrows fills the air, quieting the nerves of men like a soothing lotion.

At the Petts homestead all this lavish display of nature is lost. Some twenty-five men, some mounted and some standing beside their Indian ponies, have drawn up before the door—honest, hearty, intelligent fellows they seem, coarsely dressed as becomes their station in life, the mark of serious earnestness is visible on every face. With very few exceptions their language is the pure English as it is printed in the books with the usual exceptions of "can't," "and," etc. It is apparent that they have assembled for a fixed purpose, and they expect Nathan Petts to take the initiative. They are all new comers. No one has resided in the township a single month, consequently they are strangers to each other; yet that they feel bound together by fraternal bonds is clearly discernible. Nathan greets each one cordially, and then climbing into his lumber wagon drawn up in front of the house, proceeds to address his neighbors upon what he terms, in conventional phrase, "the issue of the hour," and being provided with nothing more to the point, literally repeats the baranque with which he had suppressed Will's intention of visiting summary retribution on the offending squatter in the afternoon; of course omitting reference to his private political aspirations.

That it is a matter of public interest requiring prompt attention all agree, but the proposition that they disguise their faces is unanimously disapproved as unbecoming the dignity of freedom defending their sacred rights. Many find a suggestion of cowardice in the plan of night attack, but as they are already assembled, and no time should be unnecessarily lost before the squatter is ejected, these scruples are given over to expediency, and it is determined to carry out their purposes forthwith.

No particular line of action is worked out. That the jumper shall be summarily driven from the claim all agree, but dead or alive will depend upon circumstances. It is agreed that Nathan shall administer an extempore reprimand to the offender when once in their hands, and this privilege satisfies him so well that he can easily overlook the other infringements upon their place.

These simple preliminaries settled, each man mounts his pony and the gallant company start boldly off for the north-west of thirty-one, thro' the fast falling darkness. Very little is said during the two mile march. Every man is overpowered with his own thoughts, and the entire company are oppressed with a sense of perfect responsibility. The men are not cowards, but there is something so novel and unwonted in this enterprise that all of their timidity is aroused. A stake-driver sends up his "ker-shaugh" from a little grass lake on the school section, and every man turns nervously and grasps his revolver. A wild goose, startled by their approach, sounds his note of alarm. In the still darkness it sounds to the disturbed fancies of the cavalcade like a shriek from the infernal regions. A short halt, and then, as they move cautiously on again, Bill Petts: "Darned if I like this. I just wish I'd come over alone this afternoon and cleaned out the ranch. I could a done it then, but this sneak-in' around in the dark is another thing, an' I don't like it."

Nathan then attempts to reprove his son for this display of weakness, but the only syllable he can find voice to utter is, "Hist, hist," in a low whisper.

One or two daring fellows try to laugh away their fears, but the effort is futile, the expedition may result in bloodshed, there is no avoiding this thought, and to these peaceable settlers such a result will be trouble, yet they may be compelled to kill the fellow in self defense. The enemy may fire upon them and kill some one of the company. If he does, which one? The cloud upon which the scenic artist had painted such beautiful forms an hour or so before has spread over the sky and threatens rain, the wind begins to moan over the tops of the coteaus, one of the men accidentally discharges his revolver, a retreat is precipitated, led by the doughty captain. But they soon rally and again move on the foe. Soon they arrive at the town line, they know this by reason of a furrow turned by the settlers in the next town. They are to work out a road

to the village two miles below. The squatter's shanty is but a few rods further on. They halt and listen. No sound is heard, save the quacking of a flock of wild ducks that are spending the night in Mud lake. Now they can see the shanty; the glimmer of a kerosene lantern shines out thro' a crack in the wall. A short consultation in whisper and then they separate and come up to the shanty in different directions. It is very dark, and big drops of rain begin to fall. They halt again within two yards of the shanty, completely surrounding it, but nothing is heard from the enemy.

"Let's whoop," suggests one in a whisper.

"Hist," commands the captain, and the unbroken silence becomes almost unbearable to the nerve-strained men.

Then a slight rustling is heard inside and a sweet female voice begins to hum one of those melodies which a few seasons before had caught the popular fancy. All listen breathlessly; as the singing progresses the words become audible and the voice stronger and clearer. Presently one of the horsemen springs from his saddle, and steps inside the circle, and the next moment the voice of Will Petts, strong and rich, joins in the chorus. Instantly the voice inside is still, but Will keeps on alone:

"Some one go tell them for me
To write me a letter from home."

As the last note dies away the door flies open and a neatly dressed young lady steps on the threshold.

"Will, darling Will," she cried joyously. "Yes, it's me, Effie." Will rejoices as he springs forward to clasp her in his arms.

"Oh, I was scared, before I knew it was you Will, for this is the first time I ever stand alone, and I was so lonesome, and I am so very, very glad you came, but how does it happen?"

Will grins sheepishly. "Well it happens that you've jumped my claim, Effie, and I've come over here to drive you off and to help make an example of you for the benefit of the whole brood and kit of 'claim jumpers,' as father says. He's out here now, and has a scorching reprimand fixed up to fire at you. I guess I'll call him in and let him blaze away."

He steps outside, but no one is near. Will is the only man left on the quarter section.—Doane Robinson in Minneapolis Tribune.

LOTTO IN ITALY.

The Italians are natural gamblers. The national game of lotto, now under the patronage of the Government, is patronized to an incredible extent. The chances of winning are less than few and far between; but rich and poor, priest and peasant, patronize it with persistent regularity. The poor actually go without food and pawn the very beds they lie on in order to buy their weekly tickets. The game itself is of simple form. Numbers from 1 to 90 inclusive are placed in a large revolving wheel, and at noon on Saturday, in the presence of the municipal officers and Government representatives, five numbers are drawn forth by five different children gathered at random from the waiting crowd. These numbers are then publicly proclaimed as the winning numbers for the week and telegraphed far and near. Previous to the Saturday drawing—that is to say from Sunday morning till Friday night—tickets are sold. The purchaser chooses his own numbers, and he may buy two or three or four or five just as he pleases. It is needless to say that to choose five winning numbers is akin to a miracle. Two numbers not unfrequently come out, and occasionally a lucky investor hits on three; but these are rare exceptions, and, as at Monaco and other public tables, the percentage is so heavily in favor of the bank that the people lose their money with delicious regularity. To prevent cheating and possible collusion, the offices are closed for the sale of tickets on Friday night and remain unopened till the day after the drawing takes place. The prizes vary in value in proportion to the amount paid for the ticket, and are tempting enough to keep the poor still poorer, while the Government coffers grow full and overflow.—Chambers's Journal.

"Mamma," said a pretty young thing in her spring costume, "have you the morning paper?" "No, Clara, your papa took it down town with him. There is yesterday's morning paper on the table." "Oh, that will do just as well. I only want to look at the weather probabilities."—Puck.

Pawning Baby's Shoes.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I've quit drinking—I have sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it. "What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up; tell us what it is." "Well, boys, I will, though I know you will laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you well know. I love whiskey—it's sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I will quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down to South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with other business. I called on him; and while I was there, a young man not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day in a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes—little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled as if they had been worn but once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My—my wife bought them for the baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife, the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now; died last night.' As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. 'Boys,' said the drummer, 'you can laugh if you please, but I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop.' Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

"It Never Dries Up."

I was staying at a village near the sea coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. At all the hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea-time, little feet, often unshod, but very active, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of a pitcher, kettle and can, to a fresh-water well.

"Is this dry?" I inquired.

"Dry! Yes, sir, very often in hot weather."

"And if it dries up?"

"Why then we go to a spring higher up—the best water of all?"

"But if the spring higher up fail?"

"Why, sir, that spring never dries up—never. It is always the same, summer and winter."

I went up to see this fountain which "never dries up." The water was clear and sparkling, running down from a high hill, and passed through a gravelly bank, not with a torrent-leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down the wayside. It was within reach of every child's pitcher. Some children were there filling their different vessels to the brim. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lamb had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beast of burden, along the dusty road knew the way—I could see by their tracks—to the spring that "never dries up."

It reminds me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of trial and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. xxi, 6.—Presbyterian.

Small boys make a pretty good thing gathering up the corn silk around the canning factory. It is sent to Albany where it is used in making cigarettes.—Etc.

How Coffee is Adulterated.

"The adulteration of coffee is something that can scarcely be prevented," said an ex-grocer. "It is as much adulterated, perhaps, as whiskey." Recently an experiment was made, and 48 per cent. of eighty-five samples of coffee analyzed were found to be impure. This proportion does not, by any means, represent the exact amount of adulteration which prevails. Among forty-one samples of adulterated coffee, it was discovered that nineteen were mixed with chicory or other substance free from starch, while twenty-two, besides nearly all containing chicory, had considerable amounts of roasted grain, peas or beans in their composition. In every case it has not been possible to distinguish the origin of the starch, and it is possible that some ascribed to roasted grain, has really been added in the shade of roasted peas. One of the chief adulterations of coffee is 'cracked' peas, and the business is so lucrative, it is shipped to Canada, and other places for the purpose of mixing it with coffee. There possibly may be some excuse for using chicory, but the use of roasted peas is not to be defended at all. It does not bring to the working man such a reduction in the price as would justify him in purchasing a mixed coffee containing it. One of the paradoxes, I soon observed after I went into the business, was the price of the adulterated is almost as much as the pure stuff itself. Like other articles that are adulterated, it is done so well that few buyers, unless experienced, can tell the difference."—New York Mail and Express.

Warning Against Hair Dyes.

The American Analyst comes to the front to warn the women against the use of hair dyes, to produce "the delicate golden shade so much admired by the court circles of Europe and the high society of the United States." The three constituents of the nostrums used to produce this shade of color are peroxide of hydrogen, aqua regia and bronzer's acid. The first is the most harmless, but it produces sores on the scalp and gives rise to skin complaints. The acids attack and burn the hair as well as the skin. "They cause in time a disease like the itch, and produce inflammation of the hair cells." This leads to discharges of the scalp of lymph and blood. On the whole, perhaps, the women had better turn to some other hobby and get on without the "delicate golden shade" of hair. Baldness is not the worst result, but is a sure end of the use of the ingredients named.—Globe-Democrat.

Woman's Place in Germany.

An anecdote in The Woman's World shows the attitude in Germany toward woman's part in public interests. At a call made by an English couple upon a German of eminence and his wife, talk arose upon the public question of the hour. The Englishman, perceiving that the German lady was being left out of the discussion, asked: "And what is your opinion, madam?" Before she could reply, her German lord made short work of it: Leave the room, meine Liebe; these matters can be of no interest to you."—Chicago Herald.

Praise for Boston Girl.

The Boston young woman has eyes of bright comprehension, a skin made clear by exercise, good teeth and height of body without scrawnyness. Nearly all the guests are of the clear British races. Plentifulness of human society, without haste; privacy and multitude; a breeding above the consciousness of it; no vulgar ostentation at all, of which New York has too much, mark this place. The ladies walk and wander over the rocks, and do and do not seem on the lookout for personality or scandal.—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Working at a High Desk.

A London physician, writing of the peculiar effects of certain professions on the health, advises clerks to discard the high stool so commonly used by bookkeepers and accountants. He regards it far more healthful in every way to stand when working at a high desk. If need be, the clerk may rest a few moments by sitting down in an ordinary chair, but to work all day in the cramped position necessitated by the high stool is ruinous to the health, and must, sooner or later, result in the breaking down of the individual who does it.—Chicago News.

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In the latest number of the *Annals*, that oft-repeated reproach, that it is a "peculiarity" of deaf-mutes to prefer the society of each other to that of hearing persons, is again made and again "deplored." We have no time to give the matter much consideration, but will state a fact or two which occurs to us on the spur of the moment. It is questionable whether the deaf-mutes avoid the society of hearing persons, as a general rule. They simply do not force themselves where they feel that their society would be un congenial. Is there a deaf-mute of intelligence who has not experienced, when in a mixed society of hearing persons, the feeling that his presence was completely ignored? In the language of the elite, he felt that he was *de trop*. As in the case of the poor old deaf father of "Wemmick," in Dickens' story of "Great Expectations," some of the more sympathetic might "tip him a nod" occasionally, just to keep him in good humor; but the general talk of the company must remain to the deaf-mute a matter of conjecture. Again, at deaf-mute entertainments, how many of the dear friends who deplore their clannish tendency, make it a point to be on hand to associate with them. Unless complimentary tickets are lavishly distributed, the hearing attendance will be very small. Now, we know there are hundreds of deaf-mutes who would rejoice in the enlightening association of educated hearing persons, and if every good friend that deplores their so-called clannishness will endeavor to encourage such association by individual example, we warrant their advances will be met half way.

ON PAGE 284 of the October number of the *Annals* is an extract from the *Century Magazine* in relation to "dreams of the deaf," which states that in no instance was a deaf-mute found who had ever dreamed that he could hear. The editor of the *Annals* says such a result was to be expected, and as he does not know of a case in which a born deaf-mute dreamed he could hear, we take occasion to say that in the *JOURNAL* such a strange occurrence was recorded. Rev. Job Turner, in December last, sent a letter for publication which contained the following: "Long ago, one night I dreamed that I was pleading for a murderer before a judge. Something awoke me, and I could well remember that I had spoken; but my room being dark, I postponed writing it until next morning. When I got up, unfortunately my law speech had dropped from my memory. I can, therefore, have as good an idea of speech as any one." The concluding sentence indicates that Mr. Turner dreamed that he heard himself talking. We believe he is a congenial deaf-mute, and as the circumstance he relates is so exceptional, the editor of the *Annals* should investigate it, and see what impressions or ideas concerning speech the reverend gentleman may have obtained.

We acknowledge the receipt of Miss Sarah Fuller's "Illustrated Primer." Miss Fuller is Principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, and the primer is intended to facilitate instruction by the "oral" method, being profusely illustrated with descriptive words and sentences. The drawings are in outline, and the aim is to associate the word with the object, just as in schools where the combined system prevails. The difference is that the objects in the book are necessarily drawn, whereas in ordinary deaf-mute schools the objects are *bona fide*. The book contains one hundred pages, and averages seven-

ral illustrations to the page. Its value in primary instruction will be properly appreciated by teachers of deaf-mutes, to whom we cordially recommend it.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. J. C. Watson's mission to Winnipeg, Manitoba, has been successful. A school for the deaf of the province has been established at Winnipeg, and will be known as "The Manitoba Institution for the Education of the Deaf." We hope to publish further details of this new school in the near future.

Work for the Deaf and Dumb.

Some time ago two or three deaf and dumb boys were given employment in the tin-can factory of Norton Bros. It was found that they could do the work as satisfactorily as boys that could hear and talk. One of the unfortunate lads suggested to Mr. Aiken, the superintendent, that there were other boys to whom the blessing of hearing had been denied who would be glad to secure an opportunity to work and earn their living. As a result of this suggestion the firm have advertised for deaf and dumb boys to apply at their factory in Maywood. One of the firm said that the only object of the advertisement is to benefit that unfortunate class. The work at which they will be put is soldering the tops on tin cans—something that can be quickly learned—and even if a large number of such boys appear no trouble is anticipated, as far as making them understand is concerned.—Chicago Mail.

MARRIAGES AMONG DEAF-MUTES.

The education of deaf-mutes, and the teaching them trades, so that they become intelligent and productive members of society, of course induce marriages among them. Is not this calculated to increase the number of deaf-mutes? Dr. Gillett thinks not. The vital statistics show that consanguineous marriages are a large factor in deaf-mutism: about 10 per cent., it is established, of the deaf-mutes are the offspring of parents related by blood. Ancestral defects are not always perpetuated in kind; they may descend in physical deformity, in deafness, in imbecility. Deafness is more apt to descend in collateral branches than in a straight line. It is a striking fact in a table of relationships prepared by Dr. Gillett, that while the 450 deaf-mutes enumerated had 770 relationships to other deaf-mutes, making a total of 1,220, only twelve of them had deaf-mute parents, and only two of them one deaf-mute parent, the mother of these having been able to hear, and that in no case was the mother alone a deaf-mute.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Crowley's Brain.

A NEW SIMILARITY TO THE BRAIN OF MAN DISCOVERED.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Dr. E. C. Spitzka has made a superficial examination of the brain of Crowley the Chimpazee. It is the best chimpanzee brain that the doctor has ever examined and more nearly resembles the human brain than any of the others. He made one new discovery. At the extremity of the fourth ventricle in the human brain there are transverse white streaks. The theory has been that they are connected with hearing, that is, the highest kind of hearing, such as discriminating between words. These white streaks are found to be absent in the brains of deaf-mutes. Up to the time that the doctor examined Crowley's brain he regarded the presence of those streaks as distinctively human, but Crowley had them, although they were faintly indicated. Crowley was defective in those parts of the brain which control the upright position of man. He was also defective in that part of the brain where spoken language resides, the convolution of the broca. His centres controlling the course of motion of the arm were very well developed, as also the area in the brain connected with the function of vision. The pyramid tract which conveys the will power is only two-thirds as well developed in Crowley as in an inferior human brain. There was also a difficulty in the vocal organs of Crowley as there is of all of his kind, which would almost preclude any possibility of teaching them to speak.—Exchange.

DIED.

Died, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Mary Pence, in this city, Tuesday night, Mrs. Annie Ross Hiatt. She was a resident of our city for many years and formed a large circle of acquaintances, among whom she had many dear friends. She was deaf and dumb, yet notwithstanding this great misfortune, she was always pleasant and sociable and enjoyed life equally as well as others in possession of the complete natural senses. A few years ago she was united in marriage to Mr. Calvin Hiatt, also a mute. Until a few months since, the couple have resided near Hortonsville, this state, on their farm. Mrs. Hiatt was afflicted with rheumatism, and for weeks past she has been lingering between life and death, until last Tuesday evening, when that peaceful end came as a bright welcome angel to relieve her of all worldly sorrow and pain. For many days preceding her death she was afflicted with indescribable suffering, yet during all she bore up with a fortitude that was no less than heroic. During her girlhood and womanhood she was pleasant, amiable, kind-hearted and all that was good. The cold earth has closed over her remains, but whatever the dim future has in store for humanity the best of it will be awarded to the spirit of Anna Ross Hiatt. Funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Pence on West Washington Street, Wednesday evening, conducted by Revs. Brooke and Cummins. The remains were taken to Lafayette for interment, Thursday morning. To the faithful husband, bowed down with grief and bereavement, the tender feeling of sympathy goes out from our community in this sad hour. Mrs. Hiatt was a sister to Mrs. Jane Bixler, of Lafayette, George Ross, of Noblesville, and Mrs. Mary Pence and Pierce Ross, of our city.—Frankfort, Ind., Times.

ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

Erasmus Preston, of North Branch, N. H., broke his ankle by falling off a load of grain.

Charles E. Park, claiming to be a graduate of the Pittsburgh Institution, was begging in Fitchburg Mass., not long ago.

Miss Etta Marsh, of Bluffs, Ill., has been in Missouri all summer, visiting her sister, who was ill with consumption.

Miss Annie Gates, of Fitchburg, Mass., went to Leominster, Mass., on a visit to an uncle of hers, and remained two weeks.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester City, Pa., has moved from Lloyd St. to 821 Mary St., and is housekeeping for her step-father.

The Rev. Mr. Mann is busy with the preparation of his thirteenth annual report, and hopes soon to have it ready for the printer.

Elliott S. Waring, of Oskaloosa, Ia., has made several pictures for the Harrison and Morton Club. He is well-known at Kendall Green, D. C., as one of her best cartoonists.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services at Indianapolis on Sunday, September 30th—two at the Institution, one at St. Paul's Church, and the last at Christ Church. The service at St. Paul's Church was combined.

The Rector of Christ Church, Old City, Pa., finding it necessary to be absent from home, October 9th, requested the Rev. Mr. Mann to postpone to some other day the service appointed for that date.

Lathrop Hinkley, of Barnstable, Mass., who was very deaf, while walking on the railroad track above Barnstable, Sunday morning, was struck by the morning passenger train and instantly killed.

Joe Brazell of Lynn, is quite a noted ball twirler, having once been a member of a local league here. But it disbanded, and Joe has no chance to gain fame among the sports at present. Hope to hear from him later.

Mr. Emma Boutillier, wife of Henry A. Boutillier, deceased, is working in a shoe factory and living with his sister. She is a diligent lady of refined manners, and has a bright little son to cheer her on her way.

Mrs. John A. Markle, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who has not spoken above a whisper in twelve years, went out shopping last Monday, and while examining some goods was surprised to find that her voice had returned in full volume.—Exchange.

Miss Kate E. Arnold is visiting her brother in Allentown, Pa. She had a very enjoyable visit with Miss Flora A. Stephens, at Lake Side, N. Y., and was greatly pleased with her short call on friends at the Rome School.

A deaf-mute woman, who goes among down-town offices in New York, selling deaf and dumb alphabets, has printed on her cards this peculiar request: "If any person thinks I am not what I represent to be, pleased have me arrested at once."

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me., writes: "To the friends who have visited my farm this summer, I wish to announce that my acre of sweet corn proved to be the best in town, yielding 230 bushels, which weighed 3794 pounds, amounting to 875. The frost which came last month did not injure it. Mrs. Hunt wishes to acknowledge the receipt of her shawl, for which she is very grateful."

Mrs. Finnimore, of Lawrence, has returned from her summer vacation with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Deering, who have a beautiful home in Pittsfield, N. H. Mr. Deering used to be a classmate of Mrs. Finnimore at Hartford, Conn., and they had pleasant chats about their school days. Mrs. Finnimore spoke highly of Mr. and Mrs. Deering's kindness to her while visiting them. She says she spent a glorious time there. They have a nice farm and residence. They have 14 cows, three horses, pigs, turkeys, chickens, etc., and a pretty carriage. She went out riding every day in the country. She says her visit with Mr. and Mrs. Deering for five weeks will be long remembered. They have a pretty baby, just learning to walk. Hope it will live to be a great comfort and pleasure to them. Mrs. Finnimore wonders if Mr. R. H. A. is still alive, as she has not heard from him since she lost her beloved father.

A Deaf Mute Burglar.

At 8:15 last night an elevated train passed the jewelry store of Morris Schiff, at 1,067 Third avenue, a man threw a ten-pound paving stone through a plate-glass window of the jewelry store, and thrusting his hands through the broken glass, seized five gold watches valued at \$200. Mr. Schiff ran out of his store shouting for help, and Sergeant Norris of the Fifty-first street station caught the thief at Sixty-second street.

The fellow threw away three of the watches. The others were found in his possession. At the station house he described himself in writing as Lawrence Harris, aged 32 years, a painter, of 411 East 13th street. He is a deaf-mute and was recognized as an convict.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 9.

A Deaf-Mute Service.

A deaf-mute service was held at Christ Church yesterday afternoon. The Rev. A. W. Mann who delivered the sermon, is a missionary in deaf-mute circles, and has visited many points in the country. He is a deaf-mute himself, and the sermon, which he preaches, is necessarily as silent as grave-stones, but, nevertheless, judging from the attentive features of those skilled in the language of motion, it must have been well worthy of reporting, if the reporter only knew how to report it.

Some one hundred and fifty deaf-mutes had gathered to hear Mr. Mann, who has the honor of being one of the few deaf-mute missionaries in the country. The services lasted quite an hour and a half, during which quite a number of the unaffiliated stopped awhile to gratify their curiosity.—Daily Sentinel, Indianapolis, October 1.

BORN.

Born to the wife of Mr. Henry C. White, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 26th of September, 1888, a son. Mother and child doing well.

The Cane Rush.

THE H. O. S. S.

Flotsam and Jestam.

(From our regular College Correspondent.)

From time immemorial it has been the undisputed right of the sophomore to carry a cane, just as the senior has been accorded the privilege of sporting a black silk hat, the junior that of wearing a white stove-pipe tile, and the verdant freshman the inestimable one of cultivating, without let or hindrance, whatever down upon the upper lip indulgent Nature may have given him. Each class religiously guards its vested rights and prerogatives, and woe to the unlucky collegian who makes his appearance upon the campus having about him any of the articles of personal adornment to which his class rank does not entitle him. He is deprived of them in the twinkling of an eye. Although the freshmen are forbidden to carry canes, they have one resource, that of challenging the sophomores to a cane rush. The class of '92 is, as a whole, a rather heavy class, and being fairly confident of success, last Friday it challenged the sophomores to decide the question of the right to canes by a cane rush. The challenge was accepted, and Hemstreet, '89, was chosen referee. As for several years no such contest has occurred, and as we are not particularly anxious to have it confounded with the brutal rough and tumbles fights called cane rushes at other colleges, the event may merit some extended description. The two classes are ranged fifteen feet apart, on any convenient stretch of green-sward, the largest and strongest of the sophomores holding the cane, a strong, smooth, hickory stick, about four feet long. At a signal from the referee, the two classes rush together, the object of the freshmen being to get hold of the cane, and that of the sophomores, to prevent them from doing so by talking with them, throwing them to the ground and holding them, or else seizing on any stray portion of their opponents' anatomy, to drag them away from the cane by main force. Of course the result of these tactics is a very confused pile of humanity, in which arms, legs, heads, are mingled indiscriminately. At the expiration of two minutes the referee interferes and proceeds to count the hands which grasp the cane, each class receiving credit for the number of hands it has succeeded in laying upon the cane. Three rounds are fought, and if the freshmen win two of these, they are accorded the privileges of carrying canes, but if they do not win at least two rounds, they are prohibited on pain of destruction of the offending canes, from carrying that dapper adjunct of the college dude. At the contest last Friday afternoon the first round was a tie, each class having four hands on the cane; the second round was won by the freshmen, five to three; and the third also, four hands to three. The freshmen, therefore, have the privilege of carrying canes, in common with the three upper classes, and may be seen everywhere with sticks of every description, some of the canes being almost as large as their owners.

The members of the ancient and honorable H. O. S. S., met in the council chamber last Saturday evening pursuant to the following notice:

HIS SUPREMACY, HON. VAN ALLEN, GRAND MOGUL, TO THE FAITHFUL AND WELL-BELOVED BROTHERS OF OUR ANCIENT ORDER, AND TO ALL OTHERS TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME, GREETING:

KNOW YE: That the twenty-fifth annual Conclave of the H. O. S. S. will be held in the rooms of the Grand Lodge at the seventh hour of the sixth day of the tenth moon, A.D., MDCCCLXXXVIII, A. O., XXV, and that all members are hereby summoned to be present; and, furthermore,

KNOW YE: That at said conclave will be initiated certain candidates for admission as follows, to wit: that is to say: J. C. Jump, Michael Madden, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Robert Rives, Harvey D. DeLong, J. M. Stewart, Philip Brown, Edward Pyle, Alton Odum, William Tilton, Charles Seaton, G. Y. Hosterman and H. L. Stafford, who are hereby summoned to assemble in the Reading Room at the appointed hour, and there to wait the call of the Herd, and still, furthermore:

To the enlightened brethren—BE IT COMMANDED: That every member present himself at the council chamber, in proper regalia, and give the appropriate hailing sign and grip of his grade to the Grand Dragon, seated at the Eastern Gate.

Done at the Oracle of our ancient patron, Zerubabel, this sixth day of the tenth month in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

H. VAN ALLEN, Grand Mogul.

J. SCHUYLER LONG, Grand Scribe.

A TRUE COPY.

H. LORRAINE TRACY, Secretary.

[SEAL]

The conclave was held in the large room in the basement of the chapel annex, immediately under the students' dining room. The ceremonies began at half past seven, and concluded at about ten o'clock, which indicates considerable expedition, as such conclaves have hitherto rarely terminated before twelve. The candidates were initiated with due form and solemnity, and performed the pilgrimage from the royal foot-stool to the brook Jobbok, viewing with rapt awe the holy bones of our patron Zerubabel on the way, and being sealed with the seal of seals, which is Solomon's, and which is not washed away, at least not by soap or water. The communication was in every way successful, and up to the standard of preceding ones. Washburn, '90, succeeded in taking two very good photographs of the council chamber, with

all the officers and members in their proper places, but, of course, these photographs are for the eyes of the initiated only, and not for those of the ignoble vulgar. The whole affair concluded with a light repast in the hall of the basement under the old college building.

The Literary Society held its regular monthly business meeting last Saturday morning. Considerable routine business was transacted. Howard Hofstater, formerly a member of the Class of '89, but now a teacher at the Dakota School, was elected an honorary member of the society. The following officers were elected for the first term of the college year: President, Van Allen, '89; Vice-President, Hagerty, '90; Secretary, Beadell, '91; Treasurer, Zorn, '90; Librarian, Leitner, '90; Critic, Long, '88.

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club held its organization meeting last Wednesday. Several new members were admitted, and no resignations were received. The club now has a membership of twenty, and most of the numbers are fairly enthusiastic devotees of this gentle sport. The board of officers for the first term consists of Long, '89, president; Hemstreet, '89, vice-president; Beadell, '91, secretary; Wardman, '91, captain; committee, Van Allen, '89, and Washburn, '90.

The announcement of the early establishment of a printing office in connection with the Kendall School has given rise to some misconceptions. Many took it for granted that a regular publication of some sort will be issued, while not a few think that the project of a college magazine about which there was so much talk a year ago, is about to be realized. It may avoid confusion to state that the printing office is established solely for the purpose of teaching the printer's trade to the pupils of the Kendall School, and that the character of the publication to be issued, supposing, as is to a certain extent doubtful, that any publication at all will be issued, has not yet been decided upon by the institution authorities. It is probable, however, that a few pamphlets for the use of the institution will be printed from time to time.

By invitation of President Galland and Miss Ellen Gordon, the matron of the institution, the seniors had the pleasure of meeting the officers and professors of the college, and their wives and the young ladies of the college, at a very pleasant social gathering last Friday evening. Conversation on various topics made the time pass very quickly, and after refreshments had been served, the gathering reluctantly broke up, the seniors feeling that the president's receptions had lost none of their old-time charms.

FLOTSAM AND JESTAM.

Prof. Hotchkiss, wife and child returned from New Haven, Monday evening. The young scion of the Hotchkiss family bears a marked resemblance to its father, a fact in which the professor finds great satisfaction.

Hereafter the gymnasium is reserved between the hours of twelve and one daily, except Saturday, for the use of the young ladies of the college.

Prof. Draper and a number of Kendall bicyclists ran over to Arlington Heights to visit the grave of General Sheridan last Friday. They reported good riding and a pleasant time.

Hoy, center fielder of the Washington Club, called on his friends Charles, '89, and Zorn, '90, last Sunday.

Kaufmann, '91, has bought the shoe-making outfit formerly owned by Hagerty, '90, and prior to that by Berg, '86, and will hereafter half-sole college foot-gear at nominal rates.

Prof. Chickering and the Junior Class in Astronomy were observing the sun through the college telescope last Thursday.

The organization of the Ephphatha Sundry School has been effected by the election of Dr. Galland, Superintendent; Prof. Fay, Assistant Superintendent; Prof. Draper, Secretary; and Harrah, '90, Librarian.

James, '89, has been elected captain of the foot-ball team. The team will probably consist of the following men: James, '89; Hemstreet, '89; Leitner, '90; Taylor, '92; Round, '91; Zorn, '90; Hagerty, '90; Beadell, '91; Regensburg, '90; Stewart, '93; and Jump, '93. The men will go into active training early this week.

Sanders, '92, has joined the ranks of the bicyclists, and can be seen flying around the walks of Kendall Green on his new Psycho-Safety.

The Washington branch of the Red Cross Association is collecting money for the yellow fever sufferers, and a paper was sent up to the College last week. The appeal was liberally responded to by both professors and students, and a good sum has been collected.

Dr. Galland preached last Sunday afternoon, his text being Matthew 22:42, "What think ye of Christ." The sermon was delivered in a very earnest manner, and was attentively listened to.

Residents of Newark, N. J., are earnestly asked to attend service at Trinity Chapel, next Sunday morning, October 14th, at eleven o'clock.

Residents of Brooklyn are earnestly invited to St. Mark's Parish House, Adelphi Street, between Willoughby and DeKalb Avenues, next Sunday afternoon, October 14th, at half past four o'clock.

Chas. Letts, formerly of Lynn, Mass., is still living in Foxboro, Mass., and engaged in the poultry business.

Wedding Bells.

STRONG—PARK.

One of the pleasantest weddings at which it was ever the writer's good fortune to "assist," as the French say, took place at "Seven Oaks," the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulligan, on the 4th inst.

The contracting parties, Mr. Chas. K. W. Strong and Miss Caroline H. Park, are both graduates of the High Class of the New York Institution. Mr. Strong has for over a quarter of a century been an honored and trusted assistant in the U. S. Treasury Department at Washington, while Miss Park has been equally esteemed in society and home circles, being an ornament to both. The present is Mr. Strong's second matrimonial venture, his first wife—also a graduate of the High Class—having died some two years since, leaving him with two promising sons, the eldest of whom acted as his father's best man on the occasion, and it was remarked by many that the affectionate manner in which these young men greeted their new mother, augured well for the happiness of the family of which she has become the center.

The invitations were limited to the relatives and most intimate friends of the bride and groom, and as most of these reside in New York, a pleasant party collected at the depot of the New Jersey Northern to take the ten o'clock train. Arriving at Sparkill Station, the wedding guests alighted and found a long line of coaches waiting to convey them the remainder of the distance about two miles. The day was perfect, and the drive through some of the finest scenery which even the Hudson can afford, seemed all too short. Few voyagers in surveying the broad expanse of the Tappan Zee and its romantic shores, have failed to mark a large white villa half way up the northern slope at the termination of the Palisades, and I doubt if any one who has enjoyed the magnificent view from its broad piazza, has been able to entirely suppress a feeling of envy of its fortunate owners. The place was discovered, so to speak, some thirty years ago, by the late Chas. F. Park, father of the bride. The grounds, of several hundred acres, have been so artistically improved that, while they seem as wild as when the red man roamed beneath their grand old trees, their beauty has been greatly enhanced.

The house itself was profusely decorated for the occasion with flowers from the spacious greenhouses on the place, and the guests welcomed with old-time cordiality by the step-father and brothers of the bride. After a few last touches in the dressing rooms and a hasty inspection of the beautiful and costly presents, which filled one of the large chambers, the guests descended to the parlors, where they were received by Mrs. Mulligan and Mrs. Winthrop Gilman, mother and sister of the bride. Here we found Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Peet, Miss Walter, Miss Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Miss Blauvelt, Mr. Hicks, and about a hundred hearing friends, whose names, as we are writing for the *JOURNAL*, we will omit.

A circumstance which greatly impressed the writer was the fact that, with some half dozen exceptions, every one present used the finger alphabet with ease, and though so small a minority in numbers, the deaf guests were, for the nonce, truly "restored to society" in the only way possible, Professor Bell to the contrary notwithstanding!

After a little interval of pleasant converse, the portiere was drawn aside and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in his white robes, advanced and took his place behind a low screen of ferns, which shut off a large bay window from the rest of the room. The window was decorated in a most tasteful and unique manner, by the loving hands of the bride's sister and nieces, being hung with rose-colored satin covered with old-gold colored netting, in the meshes of which flowers were caught, and vines were trained over the arch. Following Dr. Gallaudet came Mr. Edgar Strong and Miss Gilman, and then the bride and groom. The bride was attired in an exquisite gown of heavy dove-colored gros-grain silk en train, and covered with rich lace in front, and appeared as fair and happy as a bride should be. The ceremony was most impressive, the troth plight being spelled by groom and bride in turn. The ceremony over and greetings with the nearest and dearest exchanged, all pressed forward to wish joy to the newly-wedded, and seldom, if ever, were good wishes more heartfelt. After the guests came the old family servants, with shining faces and wedding favors, the portly colored coachman heading the procession, leading his wide-eyed three-year-old daughter.

The doors of the dining room were soon thrown open, and tables loaded with viands, both substantial and toothsome, disclosed. The refreshments were furnished and served by a New York caterer, and all partook with that best of sauce, an appetite sharpened by the long ride in the pure, crisp air, of the Palisades. Most of the guests took their departure in time for the three o'clock train for the city, and as Mr. and Mrs. Strong were to take a later train, were denied the privilege of casting the traditional slipper, and instead left their best wishes and took away the memory of a perfect day, and of the beginning of what we trust will prove a perfect union.

Suggesting a Cure.

Smith (deaf)—What's the matter, Jones? Jones—I've got the headache. Smith (who mistakes it for the toothache)—Why don't you have it filled?

For Deaf-Mutes.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new building of St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf-Mutes, which is being erected at the corner of Buffalo avenue and Dean street. This is one of the most admirable works of charity in the city. It was founded in 1874 at 177 Union street, and two years later removed to its present quarters, 510 Henry Street, where for nearly twelve years the good work has been carried on as a branch of St. Joseph's Institute, at Fordham, N. Y. A year or two ago the managers found the Henry Street accommodations taxed to their utmost, and quite insufficient to carry on the work they had planned. The house is very comfortable and home like, but it lacks a sufficiently large playground and has other disadvantages. These facts being considered the managers deemed it their duty to look about for some more desirable site. A fine piece of ground on which the new building is being erected, was selected. It includes thirteen city lots, thus providing ample ground. It occupies a fine elevation and in a healthful locality. Its cost was something less than \$12,000. The structure, which is located in the middle of the ground, consists of a main building and two large wings, with a large court in the center. It has a frontage of 94 feet, and the depth is 82 feet. The cost of the structure when completed will be \$70,000. The new institution will accommodate between 300 and 400 children. The work accomplished during the past year has been very gratifying. The method of instruction and the branches taught are the same as those of ordinary schools. The pupils from the time of their entrance are carefully trained in articulation and lip reading, signs as a medium of instruction having been prohibited. Most of them now give promise of future proficiency. The great difficulty for teachers of the deaf seems to be to impart such knowledge of language as will enable those whom they instruct to express themselves correctly. The teachers have been long trying to make a special point of testing their pupils' understanding as to everything they read or study, and for this purpose every lesson, no matter what the subject may be, is made a language lesson. It is evident that as the pupil's knowledge of language increases so also does his facility in lip reading.

This is quite often tested by dictating to a class, first, a list of words, then some simple sentences, and it nearly always happens that while in the former case mistakes are numerous, in the latter, although the sentences may not be precisely as they were dictated, still they prove that the sense of the whole was understood. There is much encouragement in the increasing pleasure the pupils seem to find in reading. Every possible opportunity is afforded them for the cultivation of their taste in this respect. The older pupils are allowed to spend as much of their free time as they please in the reading room, where they are abundantly supplied with books and papers, and where one of the teachers is always present to explain difficult words or passages.

It is the constant endeavor of the teachers to have each pupil acquire a certain degree of excellence in one or other of the different trades taught at the institution. Most of the girls prefer to learn dressmaking, and a pleasant sewing room will be one of the features of the new building.—Brooklyn Eagle, Oct. 7.

St. Ann's Free and Open Church.

EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY.

The Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the founding of this church was commemorated on Sunday, October, 7th 1888. The following statistics for the year, were presented: Baptized 74 (3 deaf-mutes, 3 children of deaf-mutes). Confirmed 55 (2 deaf-mutes). Married 24 couples (4 of deaf-mutes). Burials 46 (4 of deaf-mutes and one child of deaf-mutes). Communicants 590 (upwards of 100 deaf-mutes). Offerings and donations towards current expenses \$9,980.87. Towards the mortgage \$702.38. For the Endowment Fund \$109. For work in the parish, the diocese and the Domestic and Foreign fields, \$2,824.70. Total \$13,616.90. The pastoral care of deaf-mutes forms an important feature in the workings of St. Ann's. A large congregation were present at the afternoon sign-service. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was assisted by Rev. Mr. Syle, the Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in Philadelphia. In addition to encouraging offerings for current expenses, \$4,000 were placed on the altar at the 11 A.M. service by some appreciative though unknown friend towards reducing the mortgage. Eleven thousand dollars will now cancel this debt and make St. Ann's still more effective in all its ministrations.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following named gentlemen will deliver lectures at the hall of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oct. 24th. Mr. William G. Jones.
Oct. 30th. Mr. John F. O'Brien.
The transaction of business by members, story-telling, debates and lectures, takes place each week alternately. Admission, ten cents on each occasion.
GEO. L. REYNOLDS, Chairman.
HENRY STENGEL.
ALEX. DEZENROUF.
Committee on Lectures and Debates.

NEW YORK.

Politics, Sports and a So-
ciable.

DR. GALLAUDET'S GOOD WORK.

The Flyaway Harriers.

OTHER MINOR MATTERS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Little has occurred among the deaf-mutes of the metropolis to create any usual stir during the past week. The main drift of conversation tended toward politics and the national game. There was also a sociable held at the residence of a deaf-mute couple living in the annexed district.

The expectations of those who hoped Tammany Hall and the County Democracy would agree on a straight local ticket, were disagreeably upset, when Tammany came out with a Tammany straight ticket, headed by Hugh Grant, for Mayor, while the County Democrats next day nominated the present Mayor, Abram S. Hewitt for a second term. What the result will be the return on Election Day will decide.

To be sure, the least concerned mute in baseball parlance felt a thrill of pride run through him after the New Yorks gave their most dreaded foes—the Chicagoes—a defeat of three straight in their closing series, and the ones who, in the beginning of the season were foremost in expressing doubts as to the Giants' winning the pennant, now come out the loudest with an "I told you so!" while the knowing ones take it as a matter of course. The benefit to be tendered the eighteen members of the New York team by their friends next Sunday evening gives evidence of turning out a magnificent success in every respect.

The sociable occurred on the evening of the 6th inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney. Those present report an excellent time, and speak well of the hospitality of the host and hostess and their daughter.

Appropos of the ball season, we failed to give notice of a proposed ball under the auspices of an organization known as the Deaf-Mutes' Union League of New York City. The event takes place in Lyric Hall some time through December, and promises to be an enjoyable occasion. Sam Frankenstein is at the tiller in the matter of arrangements, and as the members command a large circle of acquaintances, the outlook is that it will be largely attended.

We will soon have to make comments on the attendance at the American Institution Fair, which opened a week ago. The attractions are said to eclipse those of former years, and one feature hitherto forbidden, is that exhibitors are permitted to sell their wares on the premises.

An unique event, partaking somewhat of a six-day walking match was what seven or eight thousand people paid the way to see in Madison Square Garden last Sunday evening. It is known as a road-sculling contest. The contestants are all well-known oarsmen, and propel themselves around the track the same as they would in a boat on water, with the exception, they row a machine of tricycle construction.

The young man Humphrey who for the past season or so has aspired to the fortunes of a Booth or Irving, will be at this writing, so he says, back among his paternal friends in the city of Pittsburgh. Lo! and behold, he wants the public to become acquainted with the facts he has (retired) of the stage, and will seek less illustrious fields wherewith to have his name handed down in history.

The bright rays of an autumn sun made out-of-doors an agreeable feature of Sunday last. Fifth Avenue was crowded with bright-faced couples from Fourteenth Street up to the entrance to Central Park. The attendance at St. Ann's was, as is usually the case on such a Sunday, largely increased.

On the occasion, there was a double attraction. It was the thirty-sixth anniversary of the formation of the church. Under Dr. Gallaudet's management, the congregation now numbers some 500, of whom 100 are deaf-mutes. The debt of church has been greatly reduced. Last Sunday Dr. Gallaudet made a very strong appeal to the hearing members of the congregation to have this debt cancelled. At the services for deaf-mutes he was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. Mr. Syle. Communion was partaken of by some fifty deaf-mutes, and Dr. Gallaudet preached a very interesting sermon.

A new athletic organization has sprung up among a few of our einderpath aspirants. They are known for the present as the Flyaway Harriers. The members are in a few cases owners of handsome gold and silver medals won in athletic contests. Wm. H. Rose is, without doubt, the fastest harrier in the organization, with "Old Reliable" Lyons, the "Poet" LeClerc, Fred Meinken, J. H. Conlon, T. I. Lounsbury and a few others at variance for second place. They are anxious to meet a half dozen of Fanwood's fleet runners on Election Day in a cross country contest. If Prof. Fox can get any of his boys to agree to try conclusions with the Flyaways, steps could be taken to make

the event an enjoyable one. A place of meeting could be selected and a general good time had at the conclusion of the chase, the rule being only the male sex admitted. Johnny O'Brien acts as General Manager, to whom further inquiries should be made.

A fair under the auspices of the New York Maennerchor, one of the leading German societies in the city, is now in progress, and will be until the 16th, at their new hall, Nos. 203, 205 and 207, East 56th Street. The Misses Tillie and Ida Herich are in attendance at one of the booths every day and evening, from 4 to 11 P.M., and succeed in winning many admiring glances and shiny pieces of silver from the young men present.

Rev. Father Belanger gave an interesting discourse last Sunday, in the chapel of the De La Salle Institute, to some thirty-five deaf-mute young men. Recent occurrences have not tended to discourage him, as he has the interests of the Catholic deaf-mutes still uppermost in his mind. He should be given all encouragement possible in his noble undertaking, and one way deaf-mute young men who are Catholics can do this, is to attend his services every Sunday. Time will tell his efforts in their behalf have been for the best, and for their own interest. His services commence every Sunday at 2:30, and should be attended by the wise as well as those taking their first lessons in Catechism.

Steps are being taken to get up an entertainment in aid of the Peet Memorial Fund. What it will be is not definitely known, but when it does come, that it will prove a splendid financial venture, there is no reason to doubt. It should do so, anyhow, considering the many live young fellows in the city, who are graduates of the New York Institute.

The paragraph referring to Mr. Adams, the "cruel gentleman," of Philadelphia, who was for a time a pupil of Kendall Green, having adopted the following of a jockey's life down south is unfounded. Mr. Adams still lingers in this city, and the only pretense he has to being a jockey is that of kicking a Gordon in a printing office down town. Withal he is a very intelligent fellow.

The city of Trenton had the presence of Undertaker Donohue last Thursday. His mission was to furnish finishing details to a large carriage and wagon building firm, that had promised to have Donohue & Hugo's new undertaker's wagon ready on the 1st day of October. He got to Trenton in good season, but his mission was blasted, the premises of the firm having been completely destroyed by fire during the early morning of that day, sustaining a loss in finished and unfinished stock on hand of nearly \$60,000.

It is said there are several aspirants among deaf-mutes for positions in the Register's Office, who are working for all they are worth for the leaders in their respective districts, that being considered one way to get a political pull.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

FANWOOD.

The annual election of officers of the Fanwood Literary Association took place last Saturday evening, and the following candidates were elected almost unanimously: President, William G. Jones; Vice-President, Enoch H. Currier; Second Vice-President, Thure E. Carlman; Secretary, May Martin; Treasurer, Chester Q. Mann; Directors, Ida Montgomery, Myra L. Barrager and Chas. Van Tassel. Two more names are expected to be added to the Committee in order to give it the usual number. Three readers were named, as follows: Peter Mitchell, Willie Coombs and Robert Maynard. It has been the custom to have a librarian in connection with the association, but it has been tabooed for the reason that the library belongs to Institution, and henceforth it will be independent of the association, with Prof. Currier its permanent librarian.

The association is to be congratulated upon having such an able president as Prof. Jones, who is not only well acquainted with Parliamentary usages, but ever ready to entertain the pupils with interesting and stirring stories.

There is talk of repeating that brilliant play—"Les Deux Fugitifs"—some time this winter, in aid of the Peet Memorial Fund. It will of course be under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association.

The base ball season closed this week, and the Silents do not find as many laurels to rest upon as they had expected early in the Spring. Football takes its place, and the pupils expect to make up in this game what they lost on the diamond field.

H. Beumann came to make arrangements with Prof. Fox, last Friday, for cross country chase on election day. The old graduates want to join the pupils in the hunt, and have asked Prof. Fox to manage the affair.

Albert Waldo Howard, of the Rome, N. Y., Institution, has been stopping here for a few days. He talks seriously of attending the National Deaf-Mute College, this fall, and trying to be admitted.

A photograph of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Association Convention, held at Reading last August has been presented to the printing office art gallery by Alexander L. Pach, of Easton, Pa. Contributions have also been made by Randal Douglas of different views of the Institution, groups, etc., which he has been taking during the past month.

The institution library was opened to the advanced pupils last Tuesday evening.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

AT LEAST SEVENTY-FIVE OF THESE UN-
FORTUNATES IN THE PROVINCE—
MR. FRANCIS' REPORT.

(Manitoba Free Press, Oct. 2d.)

Towards the close of the last session of the Legislature, the Government entrusted Mr. F. H. Francis, then M. P. P. for St. Francis Xavier, with the important task of ascertaining the number of uneducated deaf-mutes in the Province, and outlining some plan by which they would be accorded the privileges of education. So far as he has ascertained, there are 37 of these unfortunates in the Province, divided according to residence as follows:

Delton school district, 3 males; Cameron school district, 1 male; Manitou, 1 male; Minnedosa, 1 male; Alexander, 1 male; St. Paul, 1 female; Blyth, 3 females; Edinburg, 1 male; Cypress, 1 male; Mount Joy, 1 male; Albion, 1 male; La Riviere, 1 male; Birtche, 1 male; Voiladale, 1 male; Kildonan, 1 male; Headingly, 3 males and 2 females; Portage la Prairie, 1 male; St. Boniface, 1 male; Winnipeg, 11 males and females. Total 37.

Mr. Francis adds: "The above does not include returns from the Roman Catholic portion nor from the French, Icelandic, Jewish, or Menominitist or any other foreign population. It is clearly evident, therefore, that the returns from the province are very incomplete. From some districts I did not hear, and in others perchance proper inquiry was not instituted. The ratio of one deaf-mute to every fifteen hundred of population is generally acknowledged as a correct estimate. This has been proved by statistical evidence in the United States and in the several countries of Europe. So I may safely state that at the very least there must be seventy-five so afflicted in Manitoba."

No provision whatever has as yet been made for their education, either by the province or by private enterprise. There is one deaf and dumb institution in Nova Scotia, two in New Brunswick, three in Quebec, one in Ontario and one in British Columbia. In the United States there are sixty-nine institutions. The lack of all provision for their education is unfavorably commented on by Mr. Francis.

"The vocations and callings the deaf may enter into and the professions they may follow are diversified," says the report. "In a town in Ontario there reside two deaf-mute lawyers, admitted to practise before the Ontario bar. An eminent patent lawyer in Cleveland is a deaf-mute. Among noted deaf mutes I may name Humphrey Moore, the Parisian artist; Rev. A. W. Mann, and Rev. Job Turner, the latter being regularly ordained priests of the Church of England. Some are superintendents of institutions for the education of their unfortunate brothers; many are teachers in such schools, draughtsmen, postoffice, and civil service officials, bank officers, editors and proprietors of newspapers, farmers, tradesmen, merchants. In fact we find them in every walk of life from which the loss of their sense of hearing does not debar them. In the large cities, they form themselves into clubs and societies, marry and are given in marriage, and lead a pleasant and happy life. All accruing from the benefits of education. When we do not educate them, to what life are they condemned! Looking at the education of this class from another standpoint, it presents itself as a public economy. The uneducated deaf-mute will fall and be led into evil ways. In the end he returns for support on the Province in a poor house or the prison. Is it not eminently best to start them in the right way and make them good, useful and honorable citizens? Do we not owe this to them from all motives of humanity and Christianity?"

Deaf and dumb institutions are usually state aided. The running expenses are comparatively light when once the school is established. The per capita expense in the Oregon institution is \$198.25; Arkansas, \$288.46; Maryland, \$251.83; Wisconsin, \$200; Minnesota, \$209.31; Ontario, \$171.10. The report concludes: "The Washington Territory school, which is erecting a fine and substantial building for their defective youth, began with six pupils, and the nucleus of what is now the Ontario institution was two. I would suggest that the Government appropriate such sum as will support a day school in the city of Winnipeg until the Legislature meets this winter, and then consider the advisability of securing or erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of non-resident pupils. Better work can then be done and more satisfactory results commanded when all are under a constant supervision, which cannot be obtained in a day school. I have been in correspondence with Prof. J. C. Watson, who has decided to open such a school at once in Winnipeg, and from his testimonials and his early training I am convinced that he is fully competent to conduct the same with discernment and judgment. His grandfather was the late J. B. McGann, the pioneer educator of the deaf-mutes of Canada; his father is at present director of the Washington Territory school; his aunt is superintendent of the Mackay institution in Montreal, and he has yet two aunts, one cousin and a brother connected with institutions of this nature in the capacity of teacher, both in Canada and the United States, so that his associations eminently fit him for to take charge of the education and training of these unfortunates."

Prof. Watson is in the city, and is

now making preparations for opening a day school next week. He expects aid from the religious organizations of the city and from the Government, and will no doubt receive it as the matter is an important one.

HARTFORD, CONN.

PERSONAL NOTES—INSTITUTION PICK-UPS.

Miss Carrie Jenckes, of East Hartford, is among the visitors in Hartford and is the guest of a relative.

A girl by the name of Wells was sent back home last week. Inability to learn the sign-language is the cause of her removal. She is ten years old.

There will be a polo club in the institution, and a play room has been selected in rear of the school for this purpose. Challenges will be accepted from outside clubs in Hartford.

There are two Rocks by name in Hartford, the one an ex-pupil and married, of Hartford, and the other a pupil at school, who belongs in Haverhill. I have the pleasure of meeting a bright little boy by the name of Albert Nolen, of Salem, Mass., who has neither the power of speech, hearing nor sight. He is totally blind, it seems to me, as he talked with me. He rivals Mr. Caton, of New York. He can remember everybody whom he knows well. He can feel everything. He spells on his fingers very well, and is only fourteen years old. He has also a brother, who is deaf and dumb and educated at Northampton, Mass. He is nineteen years old, but, strange to say, he is not as smart as his blind brother, although he has both eyes with which to see everything and his brains are poor.

Charles Walker, of Nashua, N. H., came to Hartford a few days ago and met his old friends at school. He graduated last year from the Hartford Institution. He was in Springfield visiting his brother. The object of his trip is to look after work. He is a shoemaker. We hope he will succeed in procuring work in Hartford. Hartford's gain is Nashua's loss in the deaf-mute population.

Seventeen girls and several boys went to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Miss Greenlaw, the matron of the girls, returned home after having attended her mother's funeral. Mrs. Greenlaw was eighty-nine years of age. We sincerely sympathize with her.

Charles Dougherty is a good, jolly fellow. He works in his father's grocery store, and was raised in Hartford. He is doing well.

At Case, Lockwood & Co.'s printing office is employed a deaf-mute by the name of Hesley, formerly educated in Fanwood and Rochester, N. Y. The report that a deaf-mute, hailing from New York, got a job as a clerk in one of the insurance offices here is unfounded. It was he who came here and secured work at the above mentioned office.

Prof. Fay delivered an interesting sermon last Sunday afternoon in the chapel.

We will have the finest Union Depot in the State, which is being built and will be completed in about a year. It is to be of stone and iron, and it will cost \$1,000,000.

Edw.

Oct. 8, 1888.

The Gallaudet Home Notes.

Last week stoves were put up in different parts of the house.

Some time ago a letter was received from a deaf-mute lady desiring the females to send her some pieces of silk to remember them, as she was making a handsome quilt. Those who had bits to spare gladly complied with the request.

Our new cook is a tall middle-aged colored woman, formerly of Staunton, Va., where in her younger days she learned the finger alphabet, but has got out of practice. Her name is Martha Swinger, and she is well acquainted with Rev. Job Turner, who lived in the same place.

Cakes and peaches were distributed among the inmates by two of the lady managers Thursday before last.

We had a deaf-mute gentleman visitor one day lately. He is employed by the Municipal Government of Brooklyn, and gets good pay.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet came up from the Metropolis sooner than was expected, considering the amount of pastoral duties which had accumulated while he was in Europe three months. On the day of his arrival, Saturday, the 29th ult., the American flag was flying to the breeze, and a most cordial greeting the good old clergyman received from every member of the household. Messrs. D. L. Willis and H. F. Herkner, of the board of trustees, accompanied him to the home from New York by the evening train. The chapel doors were thrown open and the chandeliers brilliantly lighted, and we assembled about eight o'clock. Rev. Gallaudet spoke of his passage over the broad ocean, and recounted briefly upon the sights and wonders he had seen in foreign countries. A profound silence filled the rooms which went a long way to show how interested we all were in what he said. When the Aurora left Liverpool for her homeward voyage, she was detained at Queenstown to undergo some needed repairs.

The floors of the men's rooms and that of the top hall are painted yellow and look better for the change.

There was a celebration of the holy communion at the close of the forenoon service, Sunday, 30th of last month.

Dr. Gallaudet baptized Miss Hattie Haws in the afternoon. Mrs. Rose and Mr. Bailey acted as witnesses, Messrs. Herkner, Willis and Gardner were present. The gentleman last mentioned has been our head farmer.

Morning prayer was offered by Dr. Gallaudet Monday, the 1st inst., and after dinner, he and Mr. Herkner started for the Nelson homestead in Poughkeepsie, and then boarded a train for New York.

Notwithstanding the rainy weather of the afternoon, Miss Annie Gardner brought a lady up from the farm house to see us.

A lady was conducted over the house by Matron Rose Tuesday, the 2d inst.

Our visitors of Wednesday afternoon last were Mr. Belknap, and another gentleman whose name was not ascertained.

Bishop H. C. Potter is expected here some time next month, when three of the inmates are to receive confirmation. Their names are Hattie Haws, Charles Bauer and Benny Friday.

Manager Thomson has bought a dog, a fox-terrier, and he goes by the name of Prince. He presumes Prince will be a great favorite with us all, for he is very docile. The color of his hair is very beautiful, and he wears a dark blue ribbon around his neck.

Several lady managers were here one day last week, and among them was Mrs. Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Graham celebrated the anniversary of their twenty-fourth wedding day Thursday, the 4th inst. May they live to enjoy their silver wedding next year.

The country looks grandly beautiful at this particular season.

The inmates enjoy many a pleasant walk when the weather is favorable.

LOUISE.

Easton, Pa.

As we predicted, the opening lecture of the course was a brilliant success.

Notwithstanding the pouring rain, quite a well-filled house greeted Mr. George Sidney Porter, when he ascended the rostrum to deliver his maiden lecture. He was introduced by President Will, who called upon the secretary for a few remarks, upon the conclusion of which Mr. Porter began his lecture. Prefacing it with a few words concerning his pleasure at meeting such a brilliant audience, he gave the history of printing from its inception, relating with minute fidelity, all the trials of Gutenberg, and his co-laborers, the superstition of the people, the obstacles they put in the way, etc., etc., bringing his discourse down to to-day, explaining the capabilities of a perfected Hoe turning off its 80,000 double pages per hour. He then explained color printing and exhibited specimens of ornamental work. At his conclusion, he received the usual vote of thanks and a round of applause. Among those who braved the elements to hear Mr. Porter's lecture were the Misses Hattie and Florence Tower, Miss Sue H. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Pach, Mr. and Mrs. Will, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Lehr, Willie Will, Messrs. Delory, Staser and Miksch, and Miss Volky.

In order to stimulate oratory and debate, the secretary has instituted a "Prize Speaking," to consist of extempore speeches, the winner to retain the prize. "The Patch Prize Speaking" takes place on Oct. 18th. The President has offered a similar stimulus, and it will be known as the "Will Prize Debate," the contest to occur in December.

Two new members have been admitted to the society. On Sunday, Mr. Porter was shown the city, visiting Lafayette College, Fire and Police Headquarters, the County Jail, County Court House, Suspension Bridge, etc. The gentleman expressed himself as being delighted with our charming little "City of the Rivers." Hyro.

From Ohio.

Wm. Neuner, of Mansfield, O., is visiting his aged mother and other relatives here and will remain till after the Fair, which will be held this week, from 2d to 5th. He is still in poor health and has been so for several years.

A. P. Ecord attended the Chilli-cothe Fair in company with Yours Truly, and while there, had the pleasure of meeting the resident muts. Among them were Miss Louisa L. Smith, who still keeps house for her father, David B. Hadden, for the present employed on a dredging boat on the raging canal, and David McMaster who has a position in the sweet corn canning factory. They all seemed to be doing very well. We also met two other mute fellows, whose names have slipped my memory. One of them was selling notions which he carried about in a large basket, large enough for him to roast in almost. He is an uneducated mute, but understands figures equal to an expert, and does real well with his basket and notions. The other fellow was, from what I can judge, a man about town, and a rough specimen of one too.

Andrew Miller of Pike Co. O., was in Circleville on show day, September 4th. He had been to the Washington, C. H., Fair, and came over with his brother, who lives on a farm near Atlanta, this county. This was the first I saw Mr. Miller since he left school, twelve years ago. He looked natural, and as funny as ever. He is doing first rate.

A Mr. Kurtzhals, mute, of Lockbourne, and an employee of the Straw Bailing Co., was baling straw near the Kingry neighborhood the other week, and called on the Kingrys. He gets

a dollar per day for every working day, and board. He with the other employees eats and sleeps in a "car" which they move from place to place. It was formerly a photograph car, and is very nice and handy.

We were all very sorry to hear of the sad fate Clark Drais met with. He certainly little dreamed that the infernal machine would ever bother him, as the railroad runs through his father's farm, but I guess that made no difference.

I understand Sam. C. Stebelton and wife, of Lima, and W. A. Stebelton of Columbus, attended the Stebelton Reunion at Stoutsville, on 12th ult.

Louie Kingry was in Columbus, O., during the G. A. R. reunion, and saw a crowd of humanity the like of which he never saw before in his life. He will go up again, and take in the Centennial, before it closes. Yours Truly expect to accompany him.

The State Bindery, at Columbus, O., being somewhat dull, Miss Mary M. Moore has returned to her home, at Tarlton. She visited her cousin, Susanah, in Circleville, last Saturday and Sunday. Sam S. Neuner has returned to Circleville, from Crestline, O., where he had been managing a farm, since April 1st. He will remain at home this winter, with his mother, and perhaps next summer also.

Miss Emma Bard, who was in the family of Simon Kingry, the fore part of the summer, but now with her parents, at Findlay, is expecting to go to Portsmouth, her former place of residence, and remain with her sister, Alice, who runs a boarding house there.

ROBIN HOOD.

Sunday, Sept. 30, '88.

DOANE-GALLAGHER.

A WELL ATTENDED WEDDING THAT WAS SOLEMNIZED RECENTLY IN UTICA.

A very pretty wedding occurred in Trinity Church, Utica, at 8 o'clock on the evening of September 26th, when Mr. Charles S. Doane, of Syracuse, and Miss Mary Gallagher, of Utica, were married by the Rev. W. D. Maxon, with Prof. E. B. Nelson, Principal of the Rome Deaf-Mute Institute, acting as interpreter. The bride looked charming in a cream-colored china silk, with lace and white roses. Miss Hattie Rowley (hearing), of Utica, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Joseph D. Lever, of Utica, was the best man. The church was crowded with the friends of the pair, who left for their home in Syracuse immediately after the ceremony. The bride and groom were formerly pupils of Professor Nelson, in the New York Deaf-Mute Institute, where they were educated.

The reception occurred Tuesday evening, Oct. 2d, at the home of Mrs. A. E. Lewis (hearing), mother of Mrs. Nye Brown, in Syracuse, and was attended by a large number of guests, among whom were many hearing people. Professor Nelson and Professor Eddy represented the Rome Institute. The bride's reception dress was Gobel-green satin. At 9:30 o'clock, the guests partook of refreshments, and it was a delightful occasion to all.

Mr. and Mrs. Doane received a great many presents, among which were the following: Two silver table spoons, Mrs. A. E. Lewis; six silver tea-spoons, Mrs. Nye Brown; silver sugar spoon, Mr. Nye Brown; gold and silver napkin rings, Mr. John L. Kelly; silver cake basket, Messrs. William L. Butcher and Joseph D. Lever; fringed table cloth and twelve napkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh; red fringed table cloth, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones; patent-rocker chair, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg; Persian stand spread, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stooking; two silver napkin rings, Mr. Peter Gallagher; brass match dish, little Kittie Marsh; twelve napkins, Mr. and Mrs. James Doran; drawn-work linen handkerchief, Mrs. George M. Avery; pair cat-tail mantel cases, Miss E. A. Avery and Mrs. John W. Chandler; oak brush broom holder, Master Willie McCarthy; two linen towels, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rickett; two silver napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hallicy; cameo glass perfume bottle, Miss Ella J. Randall; silver and glass pickle castor, Miss Rose Day; potato masher, Miss Abbie Bulkley; fancy glass celery dish, Mr. and Mrs. May; pair of glass and pair of porcelain vases, Miss Fannie Gallagher; a knife and fork tray and a toilet set in plush case, Mr. James Gallagher; looking glass keyboard, Miss Mary McCarthy; silver honey knife, Mr. Charles Riskey; glass water in amberine hammered brass tray, Prof. and Mrs. Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. Jewell; oak paper rack and pair porcelain vases, Mr. Michael Gallagher; crazy pin cushion, Mrs. Mason; amber glass water set, glass tray, Mr. and Mrs. Farley; granite tea-kettle and tea-pot, Messrs. Richard Welch and L. Seaton; spool cabinet, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Riskey; bed spread, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown; standard ice-water set, Mr. and Mrs. Mason; extension dining-table, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood; brass crumb tray, Miss Gracy Wood; amberina water set, engraved brass tray, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley; linen-lace and plush tidy, Miss Cora Gorton; silver berry spoon, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Connor; six silver knives and forks, Mr. E. Miles; china fruit dish, Miss Maria Craner. From other hearing friends were received a handsomely bound book, a china egg dish, glass preserve dish, two sets china pepper and salt shakers and two chair brackets. Several other gifts have been sent, but not yet received.

Mr. and Mrs. Doane will settle in their new home, 26 Seymour Street, Syracuse, this week, and have the best wishes of their many friends in the new life before them.

COLUMBUS.

A Close Call.

THEIR EXPECTATIONS DROWNED BY RAIN.

MINOR JOTTINGS.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

What a change has been wrought within a week! Jack Frost in a single night killed all the beautiful flowers that lent their charms of perfume and color to our beautiful lawn, and they had to be dug up and removed as unsightly nuisances. On Monday a furious storm of wind and rain visited the city and in a few minutes wantonly stripped the Institution building of all its gay decorations and flung them contemptuously to the ground. The only thing that escaped was the Goddess of Liberty, on the highest tower and most exposed place, who, with drawn sword, bade defiance to the fury of the storm which howled around her, and strange to say, she is still there, while her soldier and sailor friends below and every thing else were torn to pieces. Considerable damage was done to roofs and trees in the city and out at the Centennial grounds. Mr. C. N. Haskins' exhibit out there was somewhat damaged by water.

The day after the storm, Charles Swift went out on the roof of the chapel to remove some of the debris, and had a narrow escape from instant death. While walking along the ridge of the roof, his head came in violent contact with one of the numerous wires running across it, and he was thrown down, and rolled down the slippery slates almost to the edge before he could stop and pick himself up a very scared man. His only injury, fortunately, was a very red mark across his forehead where the wire struck him.

Pain's Pompeii has been exhibiting here all summer a few squares east of the Institution, and the boys, just about bed time, have been nightly entertained by magnificent displays of fireworks, which they can plainly see from their dormitory windows. Of course seeing a portion of the show only whetted their desire to see all and they were made correspondingly happy when Superintendent Pratt announced, on Friday night, that he would take them to see it in its entirety on Saturday night. He advised them to take their overcoats along, as it is an outdoor exhibition, but, alas! for their hopes, last night it rained, and they could not go. They still have hopes, however, that another opportunity will be offered them before the show closes in a few days.

Mr. Greener took his class out to the Centennial Exposition yesterday, notwithstanding the threatening weather, and they enjoyed themselves very much. The only expense to the pupils is the railroad fare, fifteen cents. Hereafter, one class a day will go out every day till the close, on the nineteenth. By the way, a friend who was out there yesterday informs me that he did not see any dust on our exhibit. I am glad he did not, and hope no body else ever will.

Mrs. G. O. Fay arrived yesterday. She is at present at the Institution, and will remain a few days visiting old friends in the city.

Miss Ida White has gone to Canton, O., where she will remain a few weeks with her friend Mrs. Monnin, nee Atchison.

Mrs. R. E. Carroll, of Cleveland, came down on Thursday. She is stopping with Mrs. McGinness, who was a schoolmate of hers at Buffalo, N. Y.

Ryn, the catcher, was seen in town this week. He has been reserved by the Lima's, and will catch for them next season.

H. J. Boo, Louis and Louisa Bacheberle came up from Cincinnati yesterday to see whether it is true or not that our great Centennial beats the Cincinnati show all hollow.

Henry Swords, of Springfield, John Mattingly, of Delta, Edward Price and John Rhamy, were among the other visitors at the Institution during the week.

Masters Itskin and Siegfried, of the First Academic Class, were both called home during the week, each having lost a sister by death.

M.

COLUMBUS' O., Oct. 7, '88

Obituary Notes.

Miss Ida Getman died two weeks ago at Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., of quick consumption at the age of twenty-one years. She was a graduate of the Central New York Deaf-Mute Institution at Rome, N. Y.

Hiram West, the well-known as "Bub," died of consumption at Fulton, Schoharie Co., N. Y., last Wednesday night. He was formerly seen at county fairs, where he "raked in the shekels" from the unsuspecting ruralists. He graduated from the New York Deaf-Mute Institution. He was born in Howe's Cave, Schoharie Co., N. Y. He was about thirty-six years old.

PRINTER.

Belle Wilkins is attending school at North Branch, N. H., under a very instructive teacher, her residence being in Dorchester, Mass. Her name is Winifred Waterman. Miss Wilkins has had several chances to work out during this term, but considers education worth more than money at present.

LYNN, MASS.

"CYCLE" CHAT—OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST.

There was a very pleasant gathering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burrill, on September 28th. The occasion being the anniversary of his birth. The party began to arrive as early as seven o'clock, and an hour later the parlor was well filled with gentlemen. The assembled friends enjoyed themselves by popping jokes, and at nine o'clock the party repaired to the dining-room, where the table was heavily loaded with delicious fruit and confectionery of all sorts. After the inner man had been satisfied, all assembled again in the parlor, where a social chat was had till about ten o'clock when the party dispersed. Some of the company had to take the train for Boston. Mr. Burrill was the recipient of a handsome lamp, presented to him by his accomplished semi-mute wife.

Joseph C. Baker, a well-known wood-engraver and also noted as poet, often runs down to see Dan Nichols, as they are firm friends, and were school-mates at Northampton. They very seldom miss a vacation together. The former is a dog crank like the latter, and is the owner of a fine pointer, a descendant of Sir Philip J. Lind and Topsy. Both are well known to the dog-fanciers.

Mr. Carl Underwood and Daniel Nichols took a tramp to Danvers recently to see an old school-mate. They all three went to the woods and got lost. It took them nearly three hours to find their way over a distance of nine miles. The former has lately secured employment in New York, as a designer in a large establishment, whose name at present we fail to recall.

Joseph Hagerty, Edward Welch and our friend Nichols went for a run on their machines, a day or two ago, and while returning home early in the evening, Welch was attacked by a vicious dog, throwing him headways to the ground. He escaped with only a slight shaking up, but his machine was badly demolished. The former was enraged at the dog, and chased him for half a mile with a handful of stones, intending to get even with the brute, but which he would throw at now and then without striking him except once.

Miss Ida Story and her sister are not at present boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burrill.

Proper care of the wheel, which I offer to ride bicyclists, is to always wipe off well on returning from a ride, oil a little at a time, keep screws, nuts and spokes tight, see that the tires are firm, and repair if badly cut. Carry oil, a cloth, twine and a wrench in your saddle bag. Familiarize yourself with all parts of the machine. But do not unnecessarily take it apart. See that any luggage you may carry is firm. If anything gets out of gear, and you can not fix it, consult some one who is posted, or take it to a competent mechanic.

William Goulding, while taking pugilistic lessons a few days ago, accidentally struck his hand against a sharp iron bar breaking the bone below the index finger. His hand is now in splints. Hope it will recover soon.

Mrs. Joanna Jackson, wife of Ansel, has been sick for several months with hemorrhage of the lungs. She does not seem to recover, but it is hoped that she will be able to be out again before the lapse of this month, to enjoy the pure atmosphere.

Joseph Clancy, who emigrated from Dublin, Ireland, four years ago, is working in a flour mill here, and makes good wages. He is a diligent young man, and is improving rapidly in learning the American signs. He supports his aged mother, and was once boss over laborers on a horse railway which was being constructed.

Mr. Daniel Norwood, of Saugus, is working in this city at turn work. He is a skillful slipper maker. He has three daughters that can talk and hear. Mrs. Badger, an aged and venerable lady of this city, is his sister-in-law.

Joseph Hagarty, pupil of J. E. Mack, has entered as competitor in the "wheel races" at Tapleville, Mass., 13th inst. The events he will participate in are 1-mile novice, 2-mile tandem and 1-mile handicap. Hope he will win a gold medal to stimulate his ambition. The latter has abandoned the wheel for the future, as he has excellent ideas for a different turn in life. The wheels will be stored for the winter, so "cycle" notes will be at an end for the season.

We claim a great utility that daily must increase. We claim from insensitivity a sensible release. A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel. That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry—"God bless the wheel."

LYNN, Oct. 2, '88.

Ex-Cyclist.

Peet Memorial Fund of the Fanwood Literary Association.

BULLETIN No. 22.

Collected by	
James Wilson	\$1.95
Jeremiah Hayes	1.35
Mary Brannan	4.00
Charles Blake	5.00
Ellen McCarty	1.50
Margaret Boyd	3.00
Kitty Logue	5.00
Frederick W. Baars	2.00
John C. Taplin	5.00
Katie Keefe	10.00
John Campbell	5.00
Frank Bouck	15.00
Arthur W. Coulter	11.10
Peter Fatter	2.98
Previously acknowledged	776.58
Total to date,	\$835.26

W. G. JONES, Treasurer.
Oct. 8, 1888.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

ALBANY NOTES.

The Convention recently held at Rochester was a perfect success, and the interest in it was proved by the large attendance from the four points of the compass, and the various papers read and discussed, that were published in recent issues of the JOURNAL, call forth due praise from the hearing friends of deaf-mutes up this way. And many of them express their approval on all points set down therein. Without slighting the other papers and gentlemen who undertook to prepare them, we would respectfully say that the paper read by Prof. Fox is considered the superior, as it goes to the very point of showing how much misjudgment there is with hearing people as to the various ranks, both social, moral and intellectual, among mutes. Taking it all in all, it was a gathering that far surpassed the one recently held in this city.

The Capital City Association opened its doors for another year, Thursday evening last, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year. President, M. R. Palmer; Vice-President, W. G. Shanks; Secretary, Maggie Flynn; Treasurer, Bella DeWilegar; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Flynn; owing to the fact that there was no information given out as to when we would open, only three quarters of the members were present to constitute a quorum.

We were very sorry at not having had time to see Misses Decker and Williams, while they were up this way a few weeks ago.

In the Itemizer of last week we read that the mother of L. Brockman desired information as to his sons' whereabouts. The only information we are able to give is, that he applied to the Overseer of the Poor, with a companion named W. J. Cotter, asking alms, saying they were trying to find work but were unable, and had no money. The officer gave them a breakfast and furnished them each a pass to New York City.

This is not only the first instance of deaf-mutes applying for public charity, as a gentleman graduate from New York, who is acquainted with the head book-keeper in the Overseer's office, has been summoned several times, to act as an interpreter on such occasions. All deaf-mutes contemplating coming to Albany, to look for employment, will do well by inquiring of residents here how things are before they pitch their tents in this locality, lest they come so grief.

BRIEFS.

Messrs. Mull and Sharkey have been out of employment since their factory closed its doors for inventory last June.

Mr. C. H. Sparrow is now working in a large shoe-factory on the hill, and reports biz. good. His wife presented him with a bouncing daughter lately, and he has a robust face that bespeaks happiness.

Mr. M. R. Palmer expects to have large jobs in the near future, in the way of session laws.

Mr. J. H. Cutler and wife, instead of moving across the river, have secured cozy quarters in the northern section of the city and are doing well.

A communication has been received from Troy, to engage in a series of debates this year, and we hope to make things more agreeable between the two organizations, in the way of friendly intercourse.

ALBANIAN.

The Boy Who Wins.

Who wins in any undertaking? He who starts in with a resolute determination to succeed and sticks to it. In everything there are discouragements and obstacles to be overcome. A pretty illustration of this is found in the following anecdote:

At one of the mills in the city of Boston a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts:

"Boy wanted. Call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and he said, "Now, boys, when I only want one of you how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he called them into the yard, drove a nail into a tree, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys each tried three times and failed to hit the nail. They were told to come again the next morning. When the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy said: "You see, I have a mother, and we are very poor. I have no father, and I thought I would like to get the place, and so help all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed, and this boy is now a prosperous man. His success has come by perseverance.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Helmet for Firemen.

A new helmet for firemen has been invented in Bremen. It consists principally of a copper mask, which is very light. The wearer's nose, mouth and eyes receive, through an india rubber tube, a constant stream of

pure air, which leaves the helmet by an opening opposite the eyes, and prevents the entrance of smoke. The helmet has been practically tested, and is to be used by the Berlin firemen, it is said.—*Boston Budget*.

Culinary Saws.

It is good to be merry at meat. A hungry man is an angry man. New meat begets a new appetite. The table robs more than the thief. An empty stomach listens to no body.

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper. Salmon and sermon have their season in lent.

Silk and satins put out the fires in the kitchen.

Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.

Who gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.

There is no cake but there is the life of the same cake.

Every one basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth.

Who hath spice enough may season his meat as he pleaseth.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Who boils his pot with chips makes his broth smell of smoke.

He that waits on another man's trencher makes a late dinner.

A Charleston Incident.

A certain well-known clergyman was sitting in Nesbitt's barber shop on Monday when a shock came. He was in the hands of Nesbitt, himself, and was only half shaved. The ground began to tremble just as Nesbitt was handling his razor with the intention of applying it to the face of his customer. Nesbitt says a peculiar sensation came over him. He paused a moment and looked down into the eye of his customer, who also looked up at him. Not a word was exchanged.

Nesbitt says he would have given anything to be able to put down his razor and get out into the street, but the unflinching look of his customer chained him to the spot, and he thought anyhow he was as safe alongside of a minister as they would have been anywhere else. So, after catching his breath and trying to deafen the sound of the horrible rumbling that he could hear away down in the bowels of the earth, he braced himself up and went on and finished the job. After he had brushed off his customer the latter congratulated him on his nerve and gave him a gold dollar in place of the regular fee of fifteen cents.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Baby Was Hungry.

A physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hello! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed.

"Baby is crying, doctor. What shall I do?" came across the wire. "Oh! perhaps it is a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients.

"No," was the reply, "I'm sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well simulated solicitude. "No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother, "he does not act that way."

"Then perhaps he's hungry," said the doctor, as a last resort. "Oh! I'll see," came across the wire; and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed and was soon asleep. About half an hour afterward he was again awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message: "You are right, doctor; baby was hungry."

Thrift and economy cannot be acquired too soon. The young can, and should be, taught to save. Youthful spendthrifts are usually spendthrifts in manhood. Recognizing the power of training children to habit, of taking care of their earnings, or of their pin-money, or of their other allowances, a new feature has lately been engrained upon our public school system in the shape of saving-banks. At first prejudice was excited against it, but experience has demonstrated its right to continued existence.

Thrift can be taught as readily as arithmetic or reading, and is just as important in its place. The experiment has been tried in France with signal success, where "in twelve years, twenty-three thousand school savings-banks have been opened, which now hold upward of \$2,225,000 owned by about five hundred thousand children."

This is a remarkable showing. The enterprise is yet new in our land, but the results are encouraging. The trials have been chiefly local, as in Long Island City, and a large number of flourishing towns; but the movement is spreading and bids fair to rapidly attain national proportions.—*Pres. Observer*.

Pound Social.

The Brooklyn Society will hold a "Pound Social," at its room, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, on the evening of November 14th, upon which occasion its members will be pleased to see their friends and the public in general. Admission (for this occasion only), free.

Geo. L. Reynolds, Henry Stengele, Alex. Dezendorf, Committee.

Fashion Notes.

Gold-wire jewelry is in high favor. Dress skirts are a trifle longer than last season.

Black is used to trim bonnets, cloaks and dresses of any color.

A string of gold dollars is the fancy of the hour in queer chains.

Plaid stuffs are in high favor for the popular Irish peasant cloaks.

A prominent feature of the new broccades is the application of black on color.

The rage for gold trimmings has extended to morning caps and negligé jackets.

The redingote style is well adapted to display the richness of the new broccades and velvets.

Among the most popular rings just now are broad bands of dull gold, with a single diamond deeply set.

Elderly ladies now choose plain or striped cashmeres in black or dark colors for their every day costumes.

Among the new grays are powder gray and thunder cloud, dark, and seagull, orange gray, dove and pearl, light.

Dressy corsages for very young ladies are now laced or buttoned at the back, the fronts being elaborately trimmed.

New camel's hairs show shaded stripes of dull red, green and brown, or have indistinct figures in Persian coloring.

The newest English walking hat has a straight, stiff brim, and lower, broader crown than those of last season.

Gloves of white undressed kid are the correct thing for brides, and they fit smoother over the arm than those of last year.

The new turban hats are much modified as to height, and are shown in various styles, with crowns square, round or conical.

Steel blue is a popular shade for cloth costumes. This hue is much grayer, however, than that known by the same title a year ago.

Dressy autumn bonnets are of white cloth covered with interlaced gold braid, the trimmings and strings being of black velvet ribbon.

Pretty smoked blouses of surah, China silk or soft wool of any becoming shade are worn with various skirts for home costumes at any time of the day.

Thick black chenille-like seams are seen on the backs of some of the new gloves. Backs and tops are also trimmed with black and white chenille points.

The new broccades are richer in effect than any silks heretofore produced. Conventional patterns are the rule, and these are strikingly bold and effective.

The newest evening tints are wheat color, primrose, magnolia, azuline, Malmaison pink, tourterelle and anandia, the latter a pale yellow overcast with brown.

Among the new colors noted in the winter surahs and failles are wisteria purple, punch fawn, peony, deer skin, Cordova leather, clover blossom and Mephisto red.

A wavy fringe of white Thibet goat hair is used to trim long wraps for carriage and other dressy wear. Wide borders of astrakhan are favored upon darker garments.

THE WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION

Extends over fourteen Dioceses. Special offerings are needed annually to meet the expenses of the general missionary. They may be sent to

REV. A. W. MANN
123 ARLINGTON STREET, CLEVELAND, O

100 AGENTS WANTED.

Price 25 Cents.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first great Educator of the Deaf in America

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887. A biographical sketch on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. SYLVE, M.A.

With numerous illustrations engraved by WM. R. CULLINGWORTH.—32 pages—36 engravings.

This is not a reprint of the "Retrospect," but an entirely new work, written expressly for the occasion.

The illustrations are an attractive and valuable feature. Several of them are from photographs taken expressly for this work and representing subjects never before published. These are marked with * in the following:

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait, of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia F. Gallaudet, Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, D.D., President Edward Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, M.D., two portraits, "Allos Cogswell, Mrs. L. E. Sigourney, "The Abbe de l'Espe, "The Abbe Sicard, "Jean Massieu, "Laurent Clerc, (the four last from old French portraits) "Lewis Wald, "Harvey P. Post, LL.D., David E. Bartlett, Rev. William W. Turner, Ph.D., "Samuel Porter.

VIEWS.

*The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the deaf, 1817, American Asylum, Hartford, Jan. 1821 and 1827, "Paris Institution, from an original painting, but by Rev. Dr. Clerc, St. Ann's Church, New York, Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, "Columbia Institution, 1887, the Kendall Cottage, "Chapel National Deaf-Mute College, interior view, "Silver Fitcher and Silver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, B's relief on Gallaudet's monument.

W. R. CULLINGWORTH,
721 Preston Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 108 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhlberg, President; Jacob Swartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Batteley, 2d Vice-President; Chas. L. Schneider, Secretary; T. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Schneider, 301 Floyd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Gray; Vice-President, Moses L. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 233 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parlor, 1st floor, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shanks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Shattuck; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 233 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while in business on the Thursday of each month.

ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 3d Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 p.m. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Geo. H. Hemlock, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, 406 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Grand Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2d and 4th of each month, and last Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are devoted to quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Washington Houston is President, James S. Roider, Secretary, 1508 Summer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement, and to keep the needy in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 15 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Mrs. Bertha P. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institute of the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the Secretary, Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankenstein, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

DE LEEPE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Elmer J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 230 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 p.m. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Elam Will, President, 208 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel P. Treacher, Secretary; L. Pach, Secretary, Address, 230 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, at 7:30 p.m. Its object is to bring the deaf-mutes' clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. There are social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; E. Durie, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

HOBOKEN DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The object of the above organization is to promote the social intercourse of its members. Only deaf-mutes of Hudson County can become members. For the present, the members meet at 14 Washington St. All communications should be addressed to Anthony Capelli, 102 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral assurance to its members and their friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas "step by step." The officers are: C. C. Codman, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhaus, Secretary and Treasurer. Secretary's address is 535 N. Clark St.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacobson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, George T. Dougherty, T. J. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Places mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 320 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE EPHPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Ephphatha Club was organized in October, 1887. Its object is to promote the social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers takes place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at 18 Essex St., by applying to the Secretary, to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Kraus; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley; Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John French and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Ephphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY